

wrap my arms around you

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by Anonymous

Summary

It had came to Shane's attention that he couldn't even wrap his arms fully around Ilya anymore, belly leading the way wherever he went.

Or Shane can't even hug Ilya without his belly being in the way.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

It had come to Shane's attention that he couldn't even wrap his arms fully around Ilya anymore, belly leading the way wherever he went.

"I'm too big, oh my god. I'm so fat that I can't even hug you." Shane's voice cracked, eyes watering as a pout formed on his lips, the first time it had happened in the kitchen when Ilya was making some pancakes for breakfast. The one thing he wanted to do and he couldn't even do that.

When Shane couldn't hug his husband from behind that he started to look at his bump with a look of betrayal. "Come on, I just want to hug your papa is that so much to ask for?" Shane rubbed the side of his belly as a kick in response thumped against his palm as if their baby was putting her two cents in on the matter. She was only getting bigger and he was just going to deal with it.

Ever since he had 'popped' it was like that was the only thing people focused on when looking at him. Ilya couldn't keep his hands to himself — not that Shane wanted him to. He enjoyed his alpha constantly having a hand on the curve of his stomach feeling their wriggling pup having the time of her life underneath the surface. It was just more or less the fact that something he had taken for granted that he would always be able to hug Ilya.

He felt a lot like a toddler having a meltdown because they got stuck in a sweater. This had happened to poor Arthur one time when they had been babysitting him and the girls. The pup had sobbed to Shane and Ilya telling them he was going to have to live like that forever. But they were able to get him out of the too tight sweater with a lot of whining and only a few tears shed. Right now Shane could've been convinced that he was going to be like this forever. That he was just going to stay pregnant forever and that he would never be able to hug Ilya like he used to ever again. And that would be the hormones talking.

Ilya had been building a rocking chair for their daughter's room when Shane had decided to come see what all the noise was about. His husband by no means was quiet when he built something. There was always some sort of noise that had to go along with it and a few expletives sprinkled in there along with *'people do not think of the ones that have to put this together!'* repeated over and over again in Russian.

Shane offered once again to just let someone build it after they fought with the crib the first time — not that he would be mad if Ilya bent him over the newly built dresser and fucked him about how difficult it was to build.

The omega waddled over side stepping the box and the various pieces that he been yet to be put together and leaned down as best as he could to wrap his arms around his alpha craving his scent.

Shane was rudely stopped by the girth of his middle, the pout slipping onto his face when he realized what had happened. It was dumb. It was nothing to shed tears about but why couldn't he rationalize that and get the message to his brain?

The waterworks promptly followed, Shane fought hard and tried swallowing the lump in his throat but nothing worked.

Ilya put the tools down immediately turning around fully so he could face Shane. "What? What is wrong?" There was an edge of worry in his tone.

"I can't— I can't hug you!" Shane felt stupid saying it out loud. Ilya's worried look faded into a look of half relief half amusement. He couldn't help but grin because his husband was mad that he couldn't fit his arms around him anymore on account of his bump being in the way.

"My poor sweet Shanya, come here." Ilya felt bad for his omega, wrapping his arms around him. He held him against his chest like a weighted blanket surrounding him. Shane melted instantly, getting the touch he craved. He began burrowing his face in Ilya's chest going lower and lower — practically inhaling the scent right off of his alpha. "S'not fair." He mumbled, cheek pressed against Ilya's clothed crotch.

"You did this to me..." Shane continued, his face still pressed against Ilya.

A purr escaped Shane's lips sending a vibration straight to Ilya's cock. That combined with Shane's sweetened milky sugar-esque scent had Ilya ready to eat his husband up.

Ilya wanted to bite him take a chunk out of his omega for being so cute and needy like this. It was definitely cuteness aggression. He had looked it up when he couldn't take the thoughts of wanting to take a bite out of Shane anymore.

"Is this better?" Ilya ran a hand up and down Shane's back, slipping a hand under his shirt to feel the warmth radiating off his skin tracing small circles along the small of his back.

"Better." Shane murmured, nuzzling his face further into Ilya's lap, feeling the ache slowly fade having gotten what he wanted. It may not have been exactly the way he wanted it but that was Ilya's job to make sure Shane's every need was met whether it be physically, emotionally, or mentally.

"Still can't hug you..." Shane grumbled lightly, sitting up finally not without some difficulty.

"Just think of it as our sweet baby getting hugs too. She will probably get so spoiled with that. She will always want to have a sandwich hug."

"A sandwich hug?"

"Yes, she will be in the middle when we hug. Kind of like our peanut butter and jelly."

Shane felt their baby begin moving, almost as if she liked the sound of it. It was either that or she was enjoying the offer of a peanut butter and jelly sandwich which sounded a lot more appealing the more he thought about it.

Okay, he was being dramatic this much Shane would admit to being but he just wanted to feel Ilya like he used to. He really didn't take into account just how much he would miss being flush chest to chest with him.

But now that Shane thought about their daughter actually taking part in their hugs, it wasn't such a bad thing. It only made him want her there now even faster.

Shane couldn't wait for a lifetime worth of sandwich hugs.

End Notes

💌 hey!!! this one has also been sitting waiting to be transcribed, i just can't get shane being too big to hug ilya out of my head so here this is 😊 hope you guys enjoy!

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